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THE FULL MONTY
A Paper of Intellectual and Creative Liberty
Harbinger of the *Archives*
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THE FULL MONTY

full monty (fʊl mɒnti): *(n.)* whole and complete expression; *(syn.)* "the full scoop"

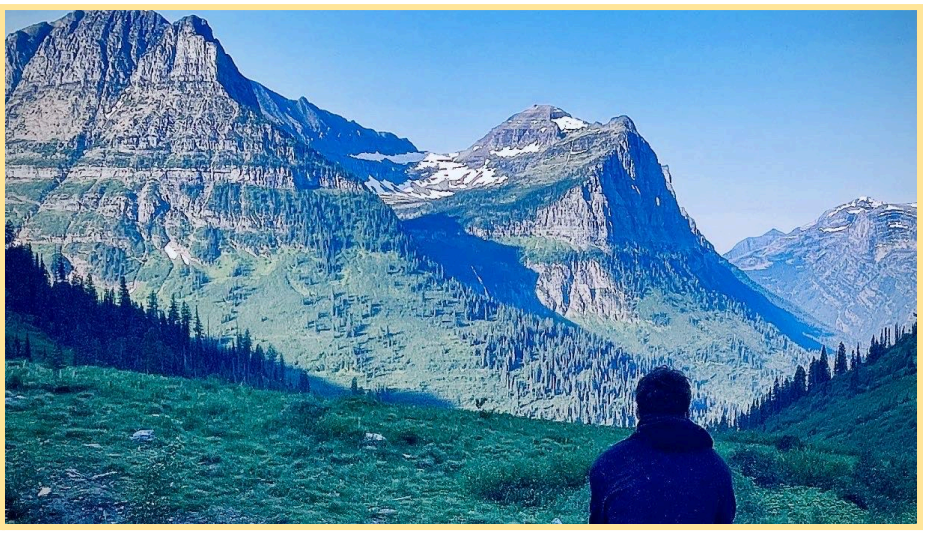
New Project: Hoods

An Excerpt From a Longer Work - Wells Rick

Before Inizio took on the beast that was the walk across the top to reach the Drop point, he took a few deep breaths to calm himself before embarking on the journey over. As Inizio walked along the top that surrounded Devil's Dent, he felt the crude and weird feeling of the crust—rigid for a second, then smooth, then smooth with bumps, then rigid with bumps.

Along the rigid parts of the rock that acted like limestone, the boots' bottoms slowly decayed into many little pieces of rubber rubble. On the smooth parts of the rock, he had to walk warily so as not to fall into the massive hole to his left. "I don't like the top of the Dent," he thought to himself as he tripped, landing inches from the edge. He squirmed away from the edge, fearful of falling in. Now on his hands and knees, he struggled to get up as the smoothness was too slick to grasp anything. Finally, after what seemed like minutes, he struggled back to his feet with caution and continued to slowly move along the edge.

After a few more slips, staggers, and scratches, he made it to the Drop. He fell over onto the ground as all his muscles hurt, and there he lay in relief and relaxation. But his nap was not for long, as work needed to be done and he was minutes behind his schedule. At Devil's Drop, the whole basin was visible: everything from the rich ores to the massive rocks. Although he was only fifteen meters higher than the ground below, he felt as if he was on top of the world—even the massive boulders that towered tall above him were below him. This feeling was short-lived, though, as he caught up to reality and remembered he had to slide down into the hole. He began to worry and anxiously paced in circles, thinking of all the bad things that could happen if he messed up during the descent.



Luckily, he wasn't alone. As Inizio peered over to his right, he saw another archaeologist, but unlike him, the newcomer—whom he couldn't quite make out—was much more stable, never falling or even stumbling as he walked over to the Drop.

As the archaeologist came closer to the Drop, Inizio attempted to think of who it could be before the new guy said abruptly, "Hey, I'm Jess from Atlas. Who are you?"

Inizio quickly realized that he was talking to a very famous rookie he looked up to. Excitedly, he said, "Hi, my name's Inizio! I really enjoyed your research paper on the surplus of fossils."

Jess was a tall man who towered over Inizio. He wore new baggy khaki cargo pants from LUP with many pockets that weighed down the pants, an untucked black *American Idiot* shirt covered in tiny white lint balls that stood out like a sore thumb in the bright sun. He wore all-black boots that mimicked military boots but were made for extreme stability on rocks. Even though it was a moderately cool day, he didn't wear any liners to keep his arms warm. He had a thick, messy head of auburn hair that covered the majority of his head down to his shoulders, leaving only a small space to see parts of his face. Jess's eyes were a dark shade of blue, and many had written about why and how his eyes were that color. The parts of his face that were visible showed just how many freckles he truly had.

"Really, you've read that? I thought that it wasn't that big," Jess replied. "I will say that your interview with VOT is definitely my favorite!"

"Thanks! Are you headed down to Deadman's Dent or on your way to Lookout Peak?"

"I'm going to Deadman's. I asked my team, and they told me this spot was great for fossil finds, but I have no idea where Devil's Drop is. I just saw you and came," he said back.

"It's right here. I would have thought that Atlas would send an experienced guy or two with you. You know how to slide down this thing?"

"Yeah, I guess that makes sense. But, I've got no idea how we should do this—just send it?" Jess nervously replied.

"I guess so, but we gotta stay alert and ready to slow ourselves. I've heard you get mad speed on the descent."

Jess looked at him skittishly before walking to the edge, and Inizio followed. Both looked down the steep slide before Inizio, with his hands, motioned: three… two… one… go! They both dropped down in perfect harmony with each other and quickly sped up.

"We need to slow down! We're going to die if we don't!" screamed Jess.

SEE ALSO:

- **The Question: Satire at MBA**
- ***It's Snow Hoax!* - Winter Deities…**
- ***TREASURE ISLAND: A NEW ADVENTURE* REVIEW?**

"Use your boots! Hit them against the slide—maybe they can slow us down to a more casual pace!" shouted back Inizio.

As the two quickly slid down the mountain, they both attempted to slow themselves with their boots. Inizio's strategy to slow down was successful right before they plummeted to the bottom. On the downside, their boots got extremely torn, but they still managed to work, so the two celebrated at the bottom.

"I can't believe we just did that! Wasn't that so fun?" hollered Jess. "I mean, the rush, the intensity, the acceleration! Woo hoo! Just like a roller coaster."

On the other hand, Inizio stood blankly, still staring down at the ground, his jaw slightly released but not completely dropped. "Yeah…that was…so very fun…I can't wait…to do that…tomorrow," Inizio slowly said, almost whimpering.

"Oh, hey, look, I'm gonna head off more toward the back area. You can stay up here or come with me. That sound like a plan?" Jess said calmly.

"Okay. I think I'll stay up here, and we can meet before we head out," replied Inizio, still slightly shaken.

Inizio looked up at the cliffs that now surrounded him as they looked unearthly from the bottom. "The walls scaled at least fifteen meters, the rocks and clay looked different than on the outside, and the air became more sticky than on the surface," he thought. Still, he moved to what seemed like a good patch, and with the strike of his pickaxe, he began to robotically pierce the rock wall… *(TO BE CONTINUNED)*

19 Caesars - Arjun Purohit

'TwAs a Mild day when Jeff departed froM hIs office buiLding. As usuaL, Before Jeff left, he Made sure to call his wife, FaXaLZa, telling Her that He was on the way home. He lacked any ZEst as he hung up on FaxalZa and walkEd to his car, dreading paying his taXes. He was lucky to haVe completed most of His work earlier that day so JeFF would Have very little work left to complete durinG the rest of the week.

As he sat in his seat and closed the door, Jeff thought about his Marriage. FaxalZa, great as sHe was, could not satisFy Jeff. He thought about AleXis, the young woman worKing as an inteRn Under his colleague JaXol. NEEdless to say, AleXis had filled Jeff's thoughts recently, but he Was happy with Faxalza, aNd, as he had for the past !(years of their marriage, he loVed her a loT.

Riding down AXeL STreet, Jeff came to a stop at a red light. He was greatly pondering a riddle he had heard earlier in the day: what two letters spell "candy"? Was it "K" and "d"? No, JaxoL had said that wasn't the correct answer. Jeff shrugged to himself as the light turned green and he sped down the street into a head on collision with another car.

Cold, So Cold - Noah Wieck

The freezer door wasn't supposed to have locked behind him. That wasn't part of the plan. He turned around to look for his friends—or who he thought were his friends. He could not see through the frosted window, he panicked and screamed for so long he forgot he was in a freezer. The frost began to creep over him, taking hold of his body. His rampant cryophobia was seizing every part of his mind. Punching, kicking, clawing at the door, he tried everything. His knuckles bled, and the blood froze on his hands. The only thing he could do was sit there.

The warmth he had been accustomed to for so long was stripped away from him. He wondered what he had possibly done to deserve this. The cold kept coming, his tears freezing into ice on his cheeks. He tried everything to save himself, all in vain. The cold kept creeping upon him—through his skin, past his bones, and into his heart. Then finally he woke up. His blanket on the floor. He was shivering. The cold persisted past his dream, until finally he drifted back to sleep.

Singularity is the End of Humanity - Charlie Pierce

Eric Blair was a simple man, just like every other. He lived in the same house, ate the same food, wore the same clothes, and watched the same news as every other man. He woke up at 6:00 to the banging of his alarm—a ringing in his head. *BANG BANG BANG*—his skull reverberated with pain. He had suffered a serious fall the previous day—probably a concussion. Eric turned up the radio, which had no off switch. The broadcaster's voice crackled to life: "Breaking news: all workers must report to the Bureau of Labor."

Eric put on his black-and-white suit, grabbed his leather briefcase, and headed out the door. At the same time, his neighbors left their apartments as well; after all, it was marching time. Together, they all walked single file down the stairs, their steps in perfect unison, as the state motto blared: *"Truth is easy, Truth is known, Truth is everywhere."* The workers listened, caught in an almost hypnotic hum, moving like a well-oiled machine. *Thump, thump, thump*—even their footsteps were indistinguishable from one another.

Out of the corner of his eye, Eric saw something move. He turned his head and glimpsed an alley. *How much time has passed? How long Have I been walking?* Eric tried to focus, as if for the very first time, on the words being broadcast: *"Loyalty is strength, Independence is failure, Thought is pointless."* He continued marching, glancing at his colleagues—hundreds of them—walking without question, their actions driven by reasons beyond their understanding but still within their grasp.

[Creative Image Credits: Noah Wieck]

Eric finally reached the Bureau. There, like lemmings, thousands of workers waited, shuffling forward one by one as the voice droned on: *"Resistance is futile, Acceptance is key, The excess are sacrifices."* At this, the crowd erupted into cheers. Even Eric, despite himself, found his voice joining in. He tried to scream, to resist, but his cries were drowned out by the deafening applause.

He marched through the large doors of the building, moving to the singular rhythm of the masses. Up and down stairs, across doorways—until finally, Eric reached the last door. He could neither run nor hide; he had no choice but to continue. He opened the door and found himself in a completely empty room. Opposite him stood a man, dressed identically in a black-and-white suit.

The man spoke in a low, monotonous grumble: "Would you like another voice or not?"

Eric wanted to speak. He wanted to declare his independence, to reject the collective conformity. But the only words that escaped his mouth were: "There is only one voice, and that is the truth."

The man frowned and huffed, "You and everybody else."

BANG BANG BANG.

Eric collapsed to the ground, lifeless. His body was dragged away, destined to be fuel for the regime—the fate of all who choose to put loyalty above independence.

One Last Laugh - The End of Satire At MBA - Charlie Pierce

It is important to understand why satire is essential in order to recognize why MBA should teach more of it. Satire is a tool that we, as humans, use in arguments; it fuels movements and spreads ideals. While satire, if handled improperly, can cause serious damage, when properly taught, it can become the strongest tool in a writer's toolbelt, leading to positive change.

It would not be accurate to say MBA does not teach any satire, but it would be more accurate to say there isn't much of it. MBA currently teaches *Tom Sawyer* in all classes, *Huck Finn* in honors classes, and some teachers choose to teach *A Modest Proposal.* These two books and one essay are the only satirical works that MBA really covers.

Catch-22 would be a great work for ninth graders to read, along with *All Quiet on the Western Front. Breakfast of Champions* would complement the American stories taught in tenth grade. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* could be taught to seniors, who would be better able to grasp the subject material. *A Brave New World* reflects the ideas of transcendentalism, and *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* would be perfect for introducing eighth graders to the concepts of satire.

Teaching satire at MBA would allow students to more critically examine the world around them, question their preconceived notions, and express complaints in a more thorough and well-thought-out manner. It is a travesty that such important material is not getting the attention it deserves. Satire allows readers to better understand the world around them and to deal with criticisms in a thoughtful and effective way.

Suggested Novels:

- *1984*, George Orwell
- *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, Douglas adams
- *Don Quixote*, Miguel de Cervantes
- *Catch 22*, Joseph Heller
- *A Modest Proposal*, Jonathan Swift
- *Breakfast of Champions*, Kurt Vonnegut
- *It Can't Happen Here*, Sinclair Lewis
- *Brave New World*, Aldous Huxley

What is a Screenager, and How Do I Avoid Becoming One?
Dr. Jian Farhoumand

A screenager is a teenager who spends too much time in front of a screen, communicating online with (and usually arguing against) cyber strangers, weirdos, and ne'er-do-wells, instead of being out and about with his peers, playing sports, climbing trees, throwing a ball or a stick, and generally just enjoying his teenage years in the sun, as God intended. The screenager is usually conspicuous for his pale, pasty skin, vampire-like squint reflex in sunlight, and general lack of musculature.

Just this week, in English 1, I had one particular class wherein five boys were suddenly absent due to "sickness." This was a new record—I've never had so many boys absent simultaneously before. I say "sickness" because, at first, I genuinely believed it was just that. You know: cough, cough, sneeze, vom. It was a gloomy, rainy morning, and I could easily imagine multiple ninth-graders waking up on that miserable day with a lurgy or chest infection of some sort. Fair enough.

Well, well, well, colour me surprised when the boys who *did* turn up to class promptly informed me that a new module within *Fortnite* (that sinkhole chagrin of every teacher in the Western world) had "just dropped" that very morning. I don't remember the exact terminology they used. Was it a new "world," or a new "level" of the game that had "just dropped"? Some sanctimonious screenager reading this might be whining, *"It wasn't a new world within Fortnite; it was a new season,"* or some such nonsense. I don't care. I'm not a rudderless screenager.

[I was literally just considering looking up what exactly "just dropped" within the never-ending *Fortnite*, to make sure this article was as accurate as possible. Then I remembered that I'm an adult human being, regained my senses, squashed the momentary lapse in judgement, and just carried on living my life, thank you. If the game cannot ever be completed—preferably by jumping over a fireball-breathing dragon-turtle monster to save a princess, or by slotting oddly-shaped bricks into each other to clear the screen of blockages—then it's not a game I want to play.]

Funnily enough, at least one boy in one of my classes (we won't name any names) has now (allegedly) spent over an entire year of his life playing *Fortnite*. Yes, over 365 full periods of 24 hours on one incessant "game." He could have learned to play the guitar or the saxophone, or read the complete works of Marcel Proust. But no… he and his screenager brethren would rather meet "on the line" and playfight. Ironic that these boys are spending years of their lives on a game punning an English word that means "a two-week period": fortnight—abbreviated from fourteen nights. More like four hundred, now.

Snow Hoax, Winter Deities - Hudson Ewald

Around the world, every culture has their own holidays and traditions based in winter. I found a few that I thought were spectacularly weird and decided to share them! Here are a few of the weirdest, wackiest, and downright terrifying legends and traditions!

4: Mari Lwyd: This strange legend originated in Southern Wales and tells the story of a devil horse in winter. The "Grey Mare" is supposedly a horse the size of a small house. Around mid-December, it goes walking around neighborhoods, knocking on doors, and challenging whoever answers to a battle of insults. If Mari Lwyd wins, then it rewards that house with mountains of food! But if the owner loses, then Mari Lwyd insists that it be invited in for refreshments (human flesh)! What a weird way to celebrate winter break!

3: Kallikantzaroi: These monsters are from a Greek myth and, aside from being incredibly hard to pronounce, they try to destroy the world! The Kallikantzaroi are goblin-like creatures that spend most of their time trying to cut down the sky, but every year, as a nice winter break, they sneak into the normal world to cause havoc! They stay for the duration of the twelve days of Christmas and do everything they can to make mayhem. They eat pets, set fires, steal food, and take out the Wi-Fi at MBA! Be on the lookout for these tricksters!

2: Krampus: Krampus is a demon from alpine mythology and punishes naughty children in a very strange way! Usually described as a humanoid figure with a goat's head, horns, fur, and hooves, Krampus carries a barrel on his back and chains in his hands. If a child has been bad that year, Krampus visits their house directly after Saint Nick. Krampus grabs the child and puts them in its barrel, taking them to his lair. Finally, Krampus makes them atone for their wickedness by chaining them to his wall for a year. If the child has made up for their bad deeds, then they are returned the following Christmas! Maybe this is where demerit hall came from?

1: Gryla: Last but not least, Gryla is the scariest myth I could find! Gryla is a 40-foot-tall giantess that terrorizes villages in Europe. She has a taste for human flesh, and every winter, she collects naughty people to make into a soup. After she eats the soup, she goes to sleep for another year. The scary thing about Gryla is not just her looks; it is her family! I mean sure, a 40-foot giantess is scary, but her family makes Krampus shiver! Her husband is an ogre who does her every bidding, and they have 13 children. The children (called the Yule lads) are gremlins who take people to feed Gryla and themselves. They also have a cat. The cat would be cute if it weren't taller than a mountain, hungry for human flesh, and used as a mount for the Yule Lads. Fun!

Dawn At Dusk- Nick Held

Tigers tapping tippy toes
And frogs frolicking with fright
Words will have won over the one who waits
And witty white the moon will wire

Til dusk dawns down on us
And rabbits raid the riding crown
The smart small insects read their books
And write about their crannies and nooks

Zebras zooming, Cats crawling
Owls ogling at the sun's descent
Flowers blooming, Light recluding
Sheeps showing their new resent

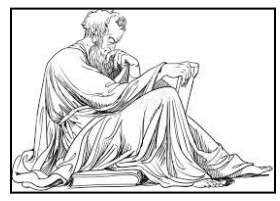
The sun is falling the trees go dark
The grass is no longer green
The fun is fading the animals berating
And the class still sits and dreams

Thanksgiving Food Battle - John Pable
Republished from the November 2024 Issue

Meet the combatants...

- The Turkey: jacked, but egotistical, only one able to resist Stuffing.
- The Gravy: stains everything, smothers things in odor, the instigator

The Philosopher's Corner - Buck Brown



Welcome back to the Philosopher's Corner (as my comrade Noah likes to say)! In the last issue, we alluded to a discussion of spooky Determinism and its implications, having concluded brief overviews of the living philosophies: Nihilism, Existentialism, and Absurdism. Every topic covered here has, at some point, been voraciously debated in MBA's own Philosophy Club, which meets on Tuesdays every three weeks—with donuts!

Determinism, a rather world-rocking philosophy, suggests that "free will," defined as the ability to choose one course of action over another, does not exist. It proposes that, for one reason or another, the course of human actions is predetermined. This predetermination is often attributed to the laws of physics: if, at one point, the universe was spun into existence by some colossal force (be it God or otherwise), then, like a cue ball struck from the tip of a cue and colliding with other spheres, the "pool table" of existence becomes predictable.

If a hyper-intelligent physics computer knew every variable in this situation, it could reliably predict the precise collisions on the table and exactly determine the outcome every time. Similarly, if the universe was set into existence by a single bang, then a theoretical supercomputer, knowing every condition of the reaction, could predict the entirety of existence from start to finish. Every neuron (thought), synapse (dream), and physiological reaction (emotion) in a human's body could be predicted reliably by an omniscient supercomputer.

Moreover, every decision, including the one to deny this suggestion, was predetermined by prior experiences, theoretically calculable synaptic activity, and the laws of physics. Even the "randomness" of electrons, often cited as an *a-ha!* moment by critics of Determinism, still proves that humans have no control over their thoughts or actions.

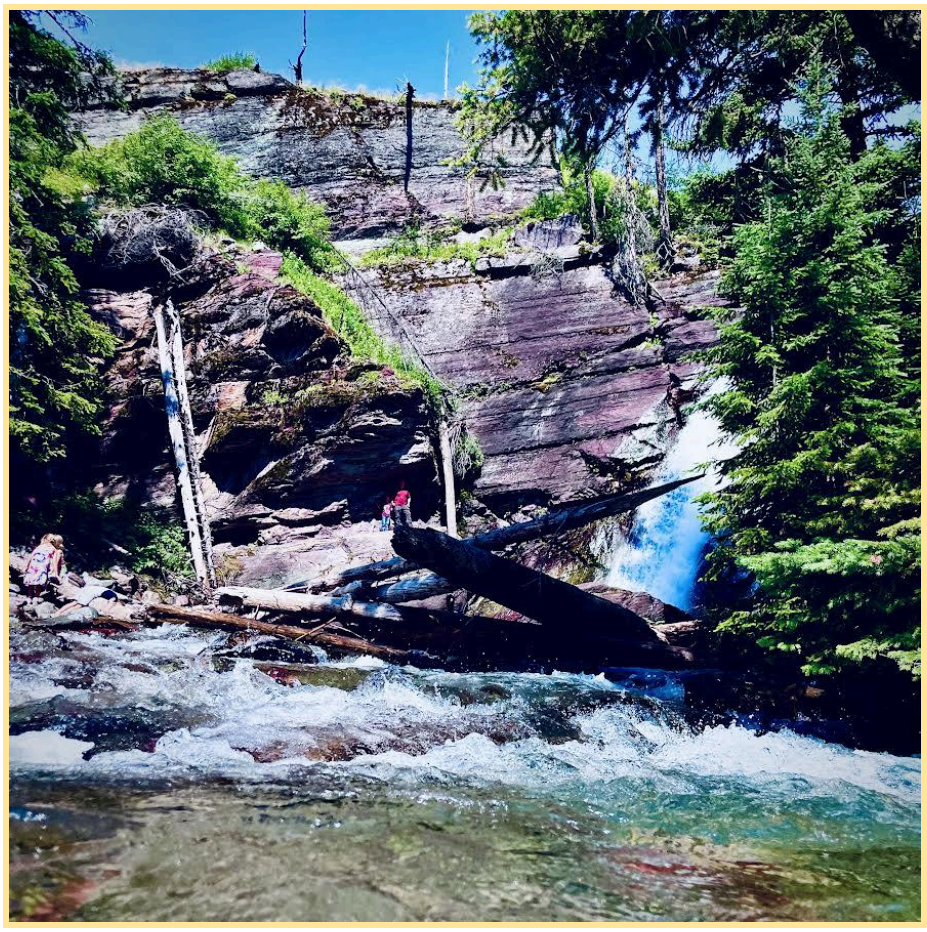
I would highly recommend further research on this philosophy, as it's vast and impressive. However, if you understand it well enough here (and are not having an existential crisis like Noah, Artem, and me), then consider this: no matter how the universe is "determined," the fact that humans *feel* like they have free will negates any practical utility in adapting your life to Determinism. After all, what's the point if your life was planned already?

Tune in next time—same Monty-time, same Monty-channel—for Stoicism and Epicureanism!

- The Mashed Potatoes: a real mash up of talents ;) kind of a softie, but partners with gravy when bullied
- The Ham: strong and Silent, Can use horseradish as a weapon
- The Cranberries: sweet at first, but turn sour fast
- The Stuffing (dressing): constantly in an argument with itself over what its name is; whenever anyone (except Turkey) touches it, they get fat
- The Green Beans: able to resist horseradish and shoot seeds, dies from anything sweet
- The Corn: chill, can spray hot juices from kernels that blind enemies
- The Pumpkin Pie: sweet, gets opponents addicted then summons whipped cream to smother them
- The Bread Roll: super smooth and shifty and can roll over opponents

The Battleground: A long hardwood table, laid for thanksgiving dinner. Above it, a fine crystal chandelier, below, the circling dogs, ready for any food that falls to the ground below.

The Gravy begins by insulting the Turkey. The Mashed Potatoes tell the Turkey to stop but immediately chicken out. The Cranberries comfort the Mashed Potatoes, but begin to fight because the Gravy accuses them of being insincere. The Corn is trying to get everyone to chill out, but gets into an argument with the Green Beans over the better vegetable. The Stuffing is arguing over its own name until the Gravy tries to shut it up. The Gravy begins to gain weight until it can't support its own weight and falls off the table.



The Mashed Potatoes, believing the Cranberries killed their friend, begin to attack. The Mashed Potatoes, in a fit of rage, bring down the chandelier, crushing the Cranberries. The Ham jumps out of the way of the falling chandelier, and immediately turns toward the Mashed Potatoes. It launches the Mashed Potatoes off the table and onto the floor, where they join their friend the Gravy in the dogs' stomachs.

The Rolls, who, up until this point, had been sneaking around the battle waiting to take over at the end of the fight, were spotted by the Turkey. The Turkey wanted an ego boost after enduring a demeaning barrage from the Gravy and decided to take out his feelings on the unsuspecting Rolls. The Turkey launched the Rolls across the table, before finishing them by kicking their lifeless form off the table.

The Turkey, however, walks unwittingly into the range of the Pumpkin Pie. Suddenly entranced, the Turkey comes closer and closer to the Pumpkin Pie until the malicious intent of the seemingly wonderful desert becomes clear: in a sudden yet smooth movement, the Pie takes out its whipped cream and sprays it all over the Turkey, suffocating it. The Pumpkin Pie quietly strolls away, leaving the body of the Turkey lying, coated in whipped cream, at the end of the table.

While all this happens, the Corn and Green Beans are still arguing. The Green Beans, realizing the argument was pointless because they are legumes not vegetables, walk away. The Corn, angry that the Green Beans only just realize the point it had been trying to make for hours, sneaks up behind the Green Beans and pushes them over the table's edge. Afterward, the Corn begins its villan arc. Seeing the Stuffing, it lines up a clear shot and fires burning juices from a kernel. The Stuffing is blinded and stumbles around. It slides over the broken glass from the chandelier and slips off the table.

The Corn, realizing it has made it to the final three, dances. The Ham, angry at the Corn's lightheartedness over a battle to the death, confronts the Corn. The Corn attempts to shoot the Ham, but the Ham dodges. The hot liquid lands on the tablecloth and burns a hole in it. The Ham shoots a wide stream of horseradish at the Corn. The horseradish finds its mark and the Corn immediately falls dead.

While the Corn and Ham battled, the Pumpkin Pie sidled ever closer. The Ham, emerging victorious, turns around and notices that it is almost in range of the Pumpkin Pie. The Ham immediately flees, and the Pie pursues, shooting bullets of whipped cream. The Ham, however, responds by shooting its own bolts back. A burst of whipped cream collides with a shot of horseradish. The resultant explosion splits the table. Teetering now upon two disconnected segments of wood, the firefight continues. The Ham realizes the chain the chandelier hung from is still intact. In a flash of ingenuity, the Ham swings its half of the table forward, allowing it to leap to the chain. Below, the Pumpkin Pie sidesteps a blast of horseradish and shoots his own weapon back. The Pie's shot is slightly high, hitting the chain link just above the Ham. That chain link, however, gives way, sending the Ham downward. The Ham is able to land on the Pumpkin Pie's half of the table. The Ham weighs so much, though, the table half turned into a catapult and launched the Pumpkin Pie skyward.

Because the Ham landed on the Pumpkin Pie's half of the table, it was in range of the Pie's enchantment. The Pie, however, had passed the apogee of its flight and started to spiral downwards, towards the waiting, gaping, hungry mouths of the dogs below. Seeing its new love fall into the mass of gaping, waiting, hungry mouths circling below, the Ham despairs. But, as the Pumpkin Pie dies, the enchantment lifts. The Ham celebrates. It turns to the crowd of watching foods expecting praise. Then the Ham realizes there is no crowd, not a single food with which to rejoice.

The Ham now understands that in winning the war, he was killing his only company, his only acquaintances. So the Ham, with sudden resolve, begins to walk toward the edge of the table. It walks quickly, reaching its destination in seconds. It walks like a glacier, taking an eon to complete the journey. All was silence to the Ham. To the Ham, all was screaming. Upon reaching the edge, the Ham stops, the table fragment wobbling, and looks down, gazing upon the carnage it inflicted, the carnage it refused to prevent, the result of its anger. "I come to you now, friends," the Ham says, "the question is not 'to be or not to be,' but *how* to be. And I choose to be with you."

As it fell, the Ham heard a voice: "BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU HAVE DONE, YOU WILL NEVER FIND REST!"

As it hit the ground, the dogs drew away, as if a stench lay upon the despairing meat.

As it lay, untouched, untouchable, the Ham realized: "The dogs will not kill me; this meat is rotten."

3 Ingredient PB Cookies! - Charles Williams

Ingredients: 2 cups of white sugar, 2 cups smooth peanut butter, 2 whole eggs, Oven tray, Parchment Paper/ Silpat

Instructions:

1. Preheat oven to 325° Fahrenheit
2. Whisk together 2 eggs and 2 cups of white sugar until it reaches a creamy consistency
3. Add 2 cups of smooth peanut butter to the mixture in (step 2)
4. Once the mixture begins to thicken scoop it into small, evenly-sized balls
5. Place parchment paper or a Silpat on an oven tray
6. Lay the balls from step 4 evenly spaced out on the oven tray
7. [OPTIONAL] stamp each cookie with a fork to make the desired pattern pictured below
8. Place tray with cookie balls in the oven for 15–20 minutes

Yo Ho Ho and a Review of *Treasure Island* - Wilson Rutterer

Treasure Island: A New Adventure is the latest play sweeping the nation. Once again, I find myself behind the scenes, offering an exclusive view of the production. This time, however, I am not perched in the rafters with the spotlights but stationed in the booth, mixing sound. I can confirm that the chair in the booth is far more comfortable than the one in the rafters.

The play features two acts and six musical numbers. All of the sea shanties are highly enjoyable, but my personal favorite is "Yo Ho Ho and a Bottle of Rum." The story revolves around two pirate crews: Pew's crew and Smollett's crew. Pew's crew ultimately defeats most of Smollett's crew in a gruesomely creative fashion when they board the *Hispaniola* (Smollett's ship). Some of the most inventive deaths include one scene where two pirates' innards are used as jump ropes, and another where a pirate is locked in a "boo box," which is later filled with snakes and spiders.

Where the play truly excels is in its references to pop culture, with memorable lines such as "Oh, Captain, my Captain" and "Look at me. Look at me. I am the captain now." The characters are expressive and comedic, adding depth to the overall production. While the set is not as large or elaborate as that of *Mamma Mia!*, it is far more versatile, transforming seamlessly into an inn, a pirate ship, and an island strewn with bones.

Although I personally preferred *Mamma Mia!* by a slight margin, *Treasure Island: A New Adventure* was an exceptional show that brought laughter and enjoyment throughout tech week.

Smell the Night Sky - Nick Held

Chapter Three: The Promise of Light

"Wake up," whispered Edward. "We made it to our safehouse." Edward put Lee down from his shoulders and showed him their family's old safehouse, about three miles away from their home.

"Was it real, Ed?" Lee asked.

Edward crouched down. "Yes."

Lee looked down at his now blood-stained hands and began to cry. Edward hugged Lee. "It'll be alright, Lee. We will be safe here."

The two boys, holding hands, walked into the broken-down bunker.

The bunker had been built by their father several years before the two boys were born. Their father had been a conspiracy theorist; he believed an apocalypse would

happen in which zombies would rise from the ground and kill anyone with a brain, but it turned out to be much different. Nature's will evolved a virus known as *Ophiocordyceps unilateralis*, or the Zombie-Ant Fungus. A fungus that took over an ant's brain, turning it into a mindless, zombie-like creature that did the virus's bidding. The virus had tried to reach humans for thousands of years, but it simply wouldn't evolve. That was until scientists in 2027 discovered a way to enhance the size and complexity of the fungus as part of an experiment to create a lethal war weapon. But it backfired. The scientists got too close and became infected. The terrifying thing was, it took weeks for the fungus to reach the brain. For weeks, the scientists went about their lives as usual, unaware they were carrying a zombie-like infection. Soon, hundreds were infected, then thousands. A national lockdown followed, but the fungus had adapted to the human world. It learned how to open doors and break windows. Eventually, entire countries were overrun and consumed, leaving the last remnants of humanity in small, isolated towns where no one came in or out.

Their father had been in the military for years before the outbreak, but when he returned, he was never the same man. He became obsessed with the idea that the dead would return. So, as mentioned, he built a bunker to keep his family safe while the infection spread across the Earth. Twelve years later, the infection struck. Edward and his brother Lee were both at school at the time. Suddenly, a loud alarm sounded over the intercoms, telling all students to quickly evacuate the premises and stay home indefinitely until further notice. Within days, a large barbed-wire fence was erected around their town. No infected got in, and none got out. The infected inside killed most of the government officials and teachers because they were out building the wall. So, the kids were left to rely on their parents for their education. Edward didn't see his friends for months, turning him into a socially awkward recluse. His brother Lee, however, always attracted attention from their parents, and Lee's friends were better cared for, so they survived and went out to see each other.

Meanwhile, Edward's friends were forced to hunt and venture outside, and one by one, they became infected. When they knew they had it, they took themselves away to avoid harming others. Edward had nothing and no one except his brother. If he lost Lee, he would truly be alone in this ruined world.

Lee was asleep by the little fire Edward had made in the barely functional bunker. Lee was wrapped in the sleeping bag and pillow from Edward's pack. Once again, Edward gave up sleep for his brother. The night dragged on. Edward stayed up, trying to board up the broken windows of the bunker to keep them safe. He looked at his brother, thankful that he was still safe. But suddenly, Edward's attention was drawn to a sore spot on Lee's neck.

Edward rushed over to his brother, trying not to wake him, and examined the spot. Edward knew what it was—it was the fungus digging into his skin. Lee was infected, but the virus hadn't reached his brain yet. Edward stood up, shocked. He knew the best chance he had at saving his brother was to try to remove the infection.

Edward grabbed the butterfly knife from his camping bag and tried not to wake Lee. He had to be extremely careful; if he dug too deep, he could slit Lee's neck and kill him. To keep Lee from waking up and panicking, Edward took one of his mother's anxiety pills from his backpack. When given to a child, the pill would make them pass out for a few minutes. He placed the pill in Lee's mouth and let it dissolve. Lee should be completely out now.

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Edward slowly and delicately pressed the knife into Lee's skin, revealing the fungus right under the surface. Edward threw up at the sight; he couldn't take it. He stared at the fungus for a few seconds, and just before he tried to remove it, he noticed something—the fungus was dying. It was dissolving inside of Lee.

Edward backed away for a moment, dropping the knife. Was this real? Was Lee somehow killing the infection? He didn't believe it, so he went back in with the knife. Then, suddenly, Lee woke up. He panicked, thrashing around and refusing to let Edward do any more.

"Lee, please!" Edward cried.

"I won't let you!" Lee screamed.

"Lee! I'm trying to save you! I can't lose you too!" Edward begged.

"No!"

Lee got up with a bleeding neck and ran out of the bunker into the forest.

"Lee!" Edward shouted.

Edward sprang to his feet and ran after him. He wouldn't stop running until he caught up with his brother. After several minutes, Lee tripped on a log and fell flat on his face. Edward rushed to him and picked him up.

"I'm sorry, Lee! This is for your own good!" Edward said. He turned Lee around and looked at the wound. Before Edward could cut deeper, he noticed something—the fungus was gone. Had it moved to his brain? No, because if it had, Lee would be attacking Edward. Edward froze, staring at his brother.

"Lee…?" Edward asked shakily.

"Edward, get away from me!" Lee shouted. "It's gone! I don't have it anymore! I felt it dissolve!"

Edward fell to his knees. Lee had killed the infection, but how? Then, Lee stood up, revealing another infected sore with no fungus inside it anymore. Edward's suspicions were confirmed. Lee was immune to the infection.

Edward hugged Lee tighter than ever before. "I'm sorry, Lee. I just want you to be safe," he cried. "You are humanity's promise. You are the light that remains in this world of darkness."

Lee pulled away. "I don't want this responsibility," he said.

"You don't have a choice, Lee. You're going to restore this world," Edward said.

The two held hands as they walked back to the bunker, but there was a problem. They had run so far out that they had no idea where they were.

The Breach at the Edge of the World - Buck Brown

What in the name of God is here?

I have flown across every sea. I have seen friends fall with cracked, bloody smiles. I have learned the bounds of human will by the heat of a lightning bolt.

I was forced to the edge of the horizon.

Climbing to the breach, every lethal icicle, attached behind me, beaten by sea-brine, vibrated with the roar of the sea. The wind was cruel and tore at the tips of my ears as I tried to catch sight of the horizon beyond the horizon, but my eyes were cut by the cold.

Fractured boats and infinite wave breakers brought me here to this lip of nature– her breath, her raw *power*, that blew like depth charges and sent the icy water skyward, spoke beautifully with every syllable, echoing thunderously that

This is not man's place.

I shivered. When the water whipped, roaring into the wind, it sliced through the air in solid daggers of frost that shattered against the slick rocks. Far beneath me, along the raging stone steps, my rocking sailboat, churning and cracking, was anchored heavily to the Wall of All Creation–

This is not land for man's mastery.

The voice, like cold honey, poured thickly into my head. Light of a white sun glared against the infinitely tall, craggy, razor-sharp edges of this colossal boundary on which I climbed, upon the opening of a breach for which I shook, and into my eyes which were clouded in a way of smothering suppression, as if Nature commanded me to deny my human lust for the *beyond*.

Every force of Nature's breath blasted the edge towards the violent sea. And my dagger tittered with the blow of the frost. Ragged scraps of cloak wrapped around me, soaking wet, flapped against my gun rusted from long-gone duels of civilization. They didn't matter here. The arctic gale storm, forcing me to reset my stance in the slick rocks, was crushing with a force beyond the bounds of neutral nature– aye, I was not wanted here.

Thunder marks the end times.

Every quivering muscle fiber forcing me upward to the breach felt frozen. The light of the Beyond dimly shone through the tempest– a final press and I would be there…

Man has wandered too far.

And a gust of miserable wind blew…

This is not your place.

And the Breach was there– the hole in the universe…

He's done it…

And I was there, and all was silent.

The cyclone raging behind me was muted. A warm wind softly moved my hair and I looked to the horizon beyond the horizon.

The lost landing: the edge of the world.

And it was beautiful.

The sun shone, and there was peace.

But it was lonely.

This was Nature's end. There was no more.

Silence.

I had won.

And the world suddenly had bounds.

This was it?

In God's name, *get me out of here.*

Editor's Letter - Buck Brown

Hello *Monty* reader! Thanks for reading the third issue of this newspaper. If you're interested in writing, contact us at thefullmonty-generalcontact@montgomerybell.edu, or send an email to "The Full Monty: General Contact." You will be paid in Chick-fil-A biscuits for a published article. Donuts are complementary at the meetings, courtesy of our wonderful sponsors (listed at the end of every issue).

Welcome back from Winter Break and exams! Thanks for sticking with us since October last year. We had to iron through a couple of final wrinkles in the publishing process. The paper will be making some adjustments between now and the next issue, so stay tuned! Expect a sleeker, more elegant and refined *Monty* to meet every one of your creative needs. Happy writing!

Sincerely, your Editor-In-Chief,

Buck Brown

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